WORD OF THE LORD

Talmage Gives Advice to Those Who Would Be Useful.

SCENE IN A SUMMER HOUSE

At Beishazzar's Feust--When the Day of Sorrow is Gone--Light That Follows Darkness.

modelity, June 4.—The sermon se-ted by Rev. Dr. Tahmage for this for-m is founded on the text Judges 13, "But when the children of lessed of unto the Lord the Lord rules."

Well, there was a king of the name of Iglon who was an oppressor of Leval. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first poke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was old he was in the summer house, the was too het to sit in the pulner. This was too het to sit in the pulner. This rammer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing form-

Eind entered the summer house and said to King Egion that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the reyal presence. King Egion rises up to receive the messenger. Eind, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a degger and thrusts Egion through until the haft went in after the binde. Egion falls. Eind comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a great host is marshaled, and proud Monk submits to the conqueror, and Monb submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thy encantee perish! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph!

LEFT HANDED MES.

I learn first from this subject the powof left handed men. There are some m who by physical organization have much strength in their loft band as in much strength in their lost hand as in it right hand, but there is something the writing of this text which implies it End had some defect in his right and which compelled him to use the t. Oh, the power of left handed ment mins is often self observant, careful of elf, not given to much toil, burning and mental organization, hesan current ness for the right, a patient industry, an all consuming perseverance which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

about them all their treasures, sauffing dutt at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to bound him off their premises, catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog inhabited pool of their own solfishman right handed men, werse than usowhile many a man with large heart and little pulse has out of his lim-tical means made powerty loap for joy and started an infinence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round the threne of God, world with-

At, mo, it is high time that you left handed men who have been longing for this gift and that elequence and the other man's wealth should take your left hand out of your pocket. Who made all these railrowle? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and seylons? Who has done the tragetray and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphent.

But I do not suppose that Ehud the first time he took a sling in his hand could throw a stone a bair's breadth and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful denterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty and be not discouraged if in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehnd missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the siting, eveing it around your head, take better aim, and the pert time you will strike the center. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends a plane over a board or drives a bit through a beam he does not expect to make prefect execution. The first time a boy attempts execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhysne he does not expect to chime a "Laile itookh" ore "Lady of the Lake." Do not be corprised if in your first of forts at doing good you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is en ort, a scheen, a trofe.

There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human syn. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that. It doesn't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the citi scullet, "it is very easy now, but I spelled a batful of sym

"Ah," said the old scralist, "It is very easy now, but I spelled a betful of spen to learn that." He not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral synchipt and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left hunded men to the world! Take the grapel for a aling and faith and repentance for the amounts given from the brook, take some aim, God direct the weapon, and great lightache will temple before you.

When Geribahild was going out to but them to do, and after he had described what he wested them to do they easi.

"Vell, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well, be replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will ge hanger and cold and wounds and death. How do you like the His men stood before him for a lit-

tiff His men stood before him for a lif-tic while in elemon, and then they there up their bands and cried "We are the ment We are the ment" The Lord

swine root up graveyards.

One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him benor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild human. Tomorrow the hunza. Tomorrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who appleaded him before cry: "Down with the traitor!

the very same persons who applicated him before cry: "Down with the traitor! Down with him!"

Belsharrer sits at the feest, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all sround him. Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandellers; the chandellers feest down on the decenters. The-breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night sir; the voice of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded banuare a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the statra. Lenghter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed.

kingdom has departed.

Beishassar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position dow him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly setainments," but this thing may be said of you and me, "He was a good citison, a fatthful Christian, a friend of Josse." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

EYES AND SEE BOT.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Eglow did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like summer mow into the window; in the timite and dash of the four-tains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluttering on one tree branch; in the cool broeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks, there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does some-

my text traches that death does some-times come to the summer house.

He is blind and cannot see the leaves.
He is deaf and cannot hear the foun-tains. Oh, i death would ask us for viotims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold and sick and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Be-fore these little feet stamble on life's

fore these little feet stamble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth are all gone, his children dead. He longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there is a mark for these Take from him the staff and give him the scepture. Up with him into the light, where eyes nover grow dim, and the air whitmas not through the long years of eternity. Ah, death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the sites and comes

back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the sities and comes to the sammer house.

What doest then here, then bony, ghastly mouster, amid this waving green and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Critimen are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind! Futher and mother stand at the side of the room locking on materiars that size. It does mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their gies. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and entry off a lumb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he to a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speciel Hush, now! The quick feet have stopped, and the looks to be more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here to a father in midlife. Elle com-less home at tright is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on gind feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there and assertions on the aller morning and night. You look in that home-hold and my: "I amount think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so and a place so some people describe it to be." The mount observes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The desthwatch chirps dotefully on the hearth. The oblidees whisper and walk softly where once they comped. Purstag the house late at night, you see the quick glassing of lights from room the quiet glassing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Death in the

Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I Here is an aged mother—aged, but not do not presults you an easy time in this indexa. You think you will have the joy world. You mist have percentions, sail of ourise for her waste a good will not

back stone with compling your burdens. Some day she is vary quiet. She superhe to not said, but comeding talls you per will not much langer have mether. She will sit with you so more at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul gome out so gestly you do not smeetly know the moment of its going. Fold the hearth that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has best with love toward you since before you were here. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the common house!

Guther about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale measures comes he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor enturing does he wait to examine the pictures we have guttered on the wall, or bending over your pillow he does not stop to see whether there is a color in the sheat, or guttered in the wast of their Must we stand forever meaning enough the graves of earlead, seam of birth to the graves of their doed and then they open the cages, and the birth go dinging heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and hid them think of victory and redesaption. Jetamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the

and it breaks through into the light and the glary of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red sea were very dangurous places, and they supposed that every skip that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were notu-ally deed. Do you know what they called those straits They call them the "Gate of Tears." Oh, I stand today at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwreched that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond.

The sound that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead—we who tell, we who weep, we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart sches for human sorrow! This sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! This last look of faces that will never brighten again! This last kine of lips that never will speak again! This widow-hood and orphanage! Oh, when will the day of sofrow be gone?

As INCIDENT.

After the sharpest winter the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a south-

After the sharpest winter the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a couthern gale and puts in warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the partry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter? If you have been on the sea, you know, If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the waters roll up they toos with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phospherescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in the rail car who saw in that same our three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully gearded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the men was taken out into the asylum to waste away, perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted the chains ratifed. On his face were crime, deprayity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life gittered and beckened. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to wel-There was a gentleman in the rail car balted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white looks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

paickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned outprits. They refused a pardon; they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Pather's welcome! Pather's bosom! Father's kins! Heaven! Heaven!

A BAD STREAK

Mafern Undertakes to Palet the Kitches

"Til paint that kitchen floor myself, Lobella," said Mr. McGwat with decision.
"There's no sense in paying a man half a dollar an hour and four prices for the paint he uses and then getting the stove and woodwork all smeared with it and the house filled with the anell of stale tolerest smelts when I can do it finst as

the house filled with the smell of stale tobacco smoke when I can do it just as well and save \$3. I'm going to tackle that job myself.

Mr. McSwat bought some floor paint, varnish and turpeutine, and at 9 o'clock that evening he carried the loose furniture out of the hitchen, mixed his paint by stirring in a liberal quantity of turpemtine and announced himself in readings to begin the artistic work of the evening.

Beginning at the portion of the floor sear the rear door of the room he smeared the paint impartially in all directions.
"Twe got more of it done already." he seld, stopping to rest a little at the end of 10 minutes' brisk exercise, "than a professional painter would have done in self an hour."

"Seem to me it looks cloudy," ven-inced Mrs. McGwet, eying the painted

tured Mrs. McGwat, eying the printed portion critically.

"That's because it dries unequally," he replied. "It dries factor in some places than others. It will all look alite after it thereaghly dried. What you use is only the reflection from the lamp own these on the window sill."

He dipped the brush in the print uses, simped it to and fro on the floor, and in a short time the surface was en-

"Now," he said, rising to his feet, "no com as it's fire IB not on Sperments."

of that lump over there. Is that plain enough for your comprehension?"
"I thought you said arrive ago they were consed by the enequal drying."
"So far us the drying is concerned," said Mr. Mediwat, touching the floor again with his imper, "that will take core of itself. You can't fool me on drying. All I ask is plenty of turpentine. In five minutes more that floor will be as dry on the entalogue of a codilab exhibit."

After the Grip

In Miserable Condition

"I take this opportunity to speak my mind on the virtue of Hood's Suraspartits. I have found that the grip uses olderly people pretty accounty. I am ainty-nine years old, and when the grip ab-lacked po hast winter I came very near dying. I was all broken down and

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Complete

Precious Stones

Silverware.

He thinned the varnish, waited a few minutes, enumined the floor again and pronounced it dry. Then he went across to the other side of the room and bagan applying the varnish with much vigor, moving gradually beckward on bishands and know as before. When the floor was about half covered with varnish, he was about half covered with variable, he straightened up in order to take the kinks out of his spine and looked back over his shoulder at the unvariabled portion. For the first time he saw it without any reflection from the lamp in the window, and there was something in the aspect of that floor that did not please

He best down and examined it closely. Then he looked at the bresh, wiped it with some care on another and examined

the rag.

"Lobelia," he said, "what have you been using this bresh for?"

"I haven't used it for anything, Billi"I haven't used it for anything and

ger," she answered, "for weeks and weeks. The last time I had occasion to use it I put a little blacking on the kitchen store with it."
"You did, did you?" be exclaimed in an awful voice. "Polished the store

with it, hey?"
"No, indeed, I didn't, Billiger. I polished it with an old broom. I simply put it on with the brush."

"You simply put it on with the brush, did your roared Billiger. "That was "Yes. It was Bridget's afternoon out

"Do you know what you've done, nadam?" be broke in flercely. "You've rested an hour and a half of my time, roken my back and ruined a good kitch-"I told you it looked streaked when

"Oh, yes?" he howled, throwing the brush on the floor. "You told me it looked streaked, did you? Who cares what you told me, madam? he vocifer-sted, kicking the can of varnish violent-ly with his foot, and—but there are sacred conferences and eventful moments in the lives of all young married persons with which the cold, jeering ontsider

need not concern himself.

Weeks afterward, when Billiger Mc-Swat had become comparatively calm, his wife showed him the bill brought in by the painter who repaired the damage to the kitchen and repainted the floor. It called for \$19.60.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Coreer, a London magistrate, has left the north district for that of the west. After taking leave of the officials Mr. Holmes, the missionary, said it might be unknown to the public, but it was nevertheless the fact that if Mr. Corser were compelled to send a man with a family to jail he took care that the family was looked after while the the family was looked after while the man was away. Many a man on leaving prison had been so overcome by the kind-ness which had been shown his family that a lasting good had been effected which the jail could not bring about.—

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A certain Turkish pashe's visit to the Bank of England was the occasion of a curious misunderstanding. The governor of the bank placed a small bundle of bank notes in the hand of the pasha, remarking that it represented £1,000,000. Ibrahim Pasha, thinking it a complimentary gift, proceeded to pocket the notes, and they had the greatest difficulty in convincing him that the notes had been placed in his hand merely as a curiosity and not as a gift, when he reluctantly and with a creatfallen mien restored them to the governor.—London Tit-Bits. A Slight Misunderstanding

He—You have no idea how much a man in my position has to do. I got up this morning at 9, gulped down my breakfast, glanced at the paper, rushed down to the exchange, and by the way I heard a story I will tell you presently. Then to the fierist's for mother, then I had to buy some 'linen, and last but not least I had to rush off to my grandmother's funeral, which took place at 2 o'clock.

She (absently)-Did you have a nice time?-Vogue.

Two Hunded. Son (who is studying bookkreping)-

What is double entry?

Absentanished Father (who has had experience)—Putting half in the money drawer and half in your own pocket.— Harvard Lampoon.

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Some dispositions are summy even in pain.
But, it was not meant that women should
enfor so. She need not, while there's a
remedy that requintes and presentes all the
proper functions, dispois soless and pains,
british refreshing sisses and restores located
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and tregularities of womenhood, it's the
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256.	256.
150 dozen Ladies' plain and fancy Lisle Ribbed Vesta, regular value 37½ and 50c, will be sold at 25c.	150 dozen Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests, silk trimmed, high neck, long sleeves, worth 40c, at 25c.
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33c.	33¢.
7c.	- 6c.
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7c.	6c.
19c.	25c. ·
Vests, low neck, sleeveless, at	
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Waron Capes

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45c. Children's White Aprons, 2 to 16 35c. Ladies' Blouse Waists, 25c to \$10. Children's Drawers, 10c to 40c. Children's Lace Caps, 10c and upwards.

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ties are available here. (Left main isle, center.)